

Good Morning 340

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

HOME TOWN NEWS

COWBOY ORGANIST.

FORMER cowboy, Mr. Ernest F. W. Buss, organist at All Saints' Church, Nafferton, East Yorkshire, has earned the reputation of a man who is always in the saddle. During twenty-five years as Nafferton Parish Church organist he has missed playing at only one service—that was when he re-visited his native London on holiday. His church attendances in twenty-five years are in the region of 5,000.

"No matter what the weather is like, he turns up," was the comment of the people's warden, Mr. Ronald Killington. "I can't recall a service when he has not been in his seat at the organ." Now in his 73rd year, Mr. Buss retains that lively enthusiasm which characterised his days as a boy of twelve, determined to master organ-playing. London congregations have heard him play, so have tough prairie riders—men he knew and rode alongside in his cowboy days.

"I returned to this country in 1906 after twenty years in the States as a jack-of-all-trades," Mr. Buss told "Good Morning." "Organ-playing provided a pleasant contrast to the rough life on the ranches. Playing myself across California is one of my happy memories."

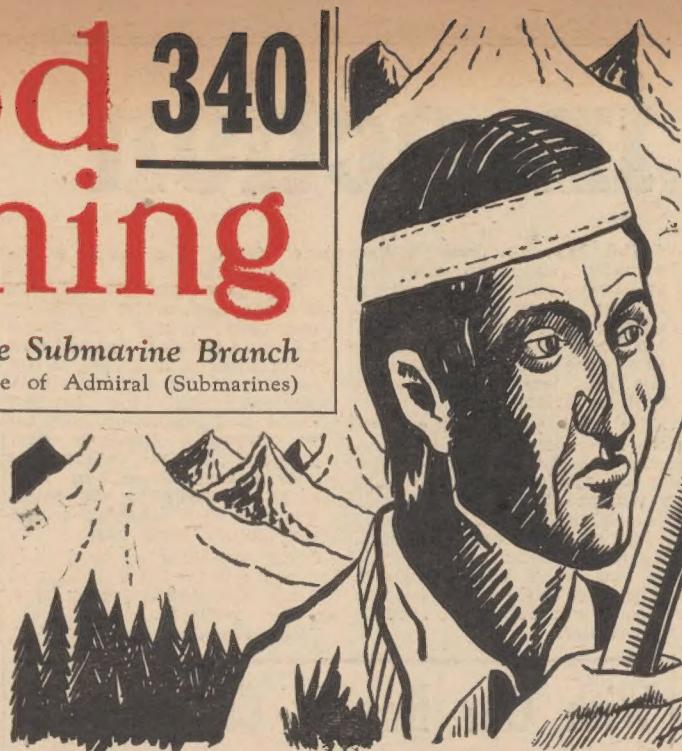
CHERISHED ENSIGN.

CHILDREN of Bartley Senior School, in the heart of the New Forest, are intensely proud of a well-worn Red Ensign and a plaque which have been presented to them by the captain and crew of the "Ocean Veteran," an American-built Liberty ship which they have "adopted."

The "Ocean Veteran" was the first Allied merchant ship to enter the harbour of Algiers after the Allied landing in the North African campaign, and the "Red Duster" now in Bartley School flew at her masthead.

The gift plaque which accompanied the ensign is a representation of a Thunderbird—mythical emblem of a Red Indian tribe—superimposed on a brass compass. The Thunderbird is supposed to bring success only to those who merit it.

Many of the Bartley pupils belong to seafaring families.



Pamela's a real bonny Babe, L.T.O.

Harold Savage



HERE'S the picture that A.B. is gaining weight and growing L.T.O. Harold J. Savage is growing more like him every day, wants to see. This is Pamela she asked us. "Latest developments to report are that now more than three months she tries to talk, and can hold old. Harold last saw her when and eat a little bar of chocolate age was only just being late."

Mrs. Florence Myers ("Mum") was there making a fuss of little Pamela. Mum, too, has a message. "Tell Harold that we'll have a black and tan' waiting on the table for him at the West Derby Social Club. We were thinking of him during our last visit to the club, when one of the artistes sang his special song, 'When day is done,' and George Charles did his comedy turn."

"Dad," Mr. Francis Myers, was not at home, but the children, Terence, Ken and Charlotte, send their love.

Florence corresponds regularly with your folk in Middlesex, and the best news lately is that Sister Phyllis had a baby son at the end of March.

Finally, Florence sends all her love, and hopes that you are getting her letters. She says that she's sure you will like the pictures of Pamela and herself.

An Oxford scholar, meeting a porter who was carrying a hare through the streets, accosts him with this extraordinary question: "Prithee, friend, is that thy own hare, or a wig?" Charles Lamb.

THEY ALWAYS GET THEIR MAN

15 MAY 1944
The Tale of Sergeant Wilde and Charcoal Johnny

COME on, we're going over to Canada, after a murderer. Hop, step . . . and jump! We're there! Still under the Union Jack.

At Pincher Creek, Alberta, a monument was erected some years ago to the memory of Sergeant Wilde, of the Royal North-West Mounted Police.

Wilde knew all the rules. He told them often to Charcoal Johnny Dried Meat, who was one of the Blood Indians, and he summed them up in one phrase: "Johnny, be a good Indian, for we'll get you otherwise."

Charcoal Johnny was a bad Indian, a loafer, who hated the whites. He shot game against the regulations. He would not live in the reserve. He was a horse-stealer, a polygamist, a sceptic.

"You can't trail me when I git goin'," he told Wilde. "I can fool you all."

"I'll learn every trick you ever learned," replied the sergeant. "And you mind to keep your hand off your gun when you meet Medicine Pipe Stem. I come from England, Johnny."

"Which means?" asked Charcoal Johnny Dried Meat suddenly.

"It means that we hold on to the end of the trail."

BUT Charcoal Johnny Dried Meat (a funny name, but an ominous one) told another Indian that he would forget what Sergeant Wilde told him, for it was not possible for a man to keep on the trail to the end, since the end meant a bullet.

And then Johnny went out one day into the scrub and shot Medicine Pipe Stem.

The latter was also a Blood Indian, much of the same character as Charcoal Johnny, and there were three possible reasons why Charcoal Johnny killed him. One report said that Medicine Pipe Stem had cast loving eyes on Wolverine, the Indian polygamous wife of Charcoal Johnny. A second report said that Medicine Pipe Stem had stolen a steer that Charcoal Johnny had marked out for theft himself. A third report was that they had quarrelled over a division of whisky, which had been looted.

Any one of these was enough to make Charcoal Johnny draw his gun. The body of Medicine Pipe Stem was found in a barn belonging to a farm instructor named O'Neill; and Charcoal Johnny had drawn a bead on O'Neill, too, but only wounded him.

And then the Mounted Police were sent for. I am telling this crime case because it illustrates the perfect training of the police in England as well as the police in Canada. Sergeant Wilde was first trained in England. He stood over six feet, was fearless, and a good shot.

Inspector Cuthbert, of the Calgary section of the Mounted, chose Wilde as his assistant in the chase. They sent out other men to head Charcoal Johnny off the reserves and the main trail leading to the Rockies. A third body, with Blood Indians who volunteered, took a third trail.

Meantime, other reports came in. Charcoal Johnny had been found in a sort of hut with two of his wives, but when a police inspector went towards the place Charcoal Johnny began to pump lead at the officer and blew his hat to fragments. Then the fugitive disappeared into the scrub.

But one of the Indian's children was seen and questioned. He was only a nipper, this child, but he volunteered to take the officers to his daddy. They set out, and after wandering many miles they came to a camp site. But the Inspector was not to be gullied. The camp was an old site, and had been abandoned for weeks. The Indian child had led the police astray, under instructions from his daddy, so that the daddy might make another get-away!

The first clue as to Charcoal Johnny's line of retreat came from an old Indian called Falling Pine, who moved in with the information that Charcoal Johnny had called at his hut for food, and had said a step ahead.

Sergeant Wilde was on the trail a month when the first snow of winter began to fall. By this time the sergeant had reached Pincher Creek; but the trail was picked up again—a trail of two horses being pressed hard.

Wilde and one Indian kept on. They met snow and more snow. It became deep, and tracks were obliterated; but there was only one direction for Charcoal Johnny to go, and Wilde went, too.

At last, when he topped a rise—and it was hard country for riding—Wilde caught a glimpse of his man. The fugitive was away ahead, a dark moving blot on the snow.

The chase went on for twenty miles, and by then Charcoal Johnny was only a quarter of a mile ahead. He saw he was being followed, and he swung round and beckoned derisively to the sergeant to come on. The sergeant kept on.

He was somewhat ahead of his companions now. One of the trackers tried to bring down Charcoal Johnny with his rifle, but he found the oil in his gun mechanism had frozen. It was that kind of weather.

Charcoal Johnny swerved to the right. So did the sergeant. It was rising ground now. The sergeant fingered his gun, which was working; but his orders were to arrest, not to kill.

He was almost upon Charcoal Johnny when he shouted to the Indian to surrender. He swung his horse inwards to close. But Johnny swerved and stood off.

"I will kill you, Sergeant Wilde," he roared.

"Even if you do, Charcoal Johnny," replied Wilde, "you'll be caught. We hold on to the end of the trail, as I told you."

Sergeant Wilde rode in. Charcoal Johnny pressed his trigger. The sergeant swayed, then fell; but as he went down he cried sharply, "You're wrong—to forget, Charcoal Johnny!"

He was dead before he reached the ground.

Charcoal Johnny reined in, caught the sergeant's bridle, and rode on.

He was caught a few days later in a hut. But even then he tried to dodge the White Law by opening an artery in his arm. But he didn't get out that way. He was hanged, and as he stood on the scaffold he said to the hangman, "It was wrong of me to forget."

Then he broke into his tribe's Death Song, which the rope cut short.

And that is why there is a monument to Sergeant Wilde's memory at Pincher Creek. He upheld the police tradition.

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

QUIZ

for today

1. A collop is a fish, flower, piece of meat, scone, dance, young otter?

2. Who wrote (a) The Fourth Wall, (b) The Fifth Form at St. Dominic's?

3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Soot, Charcoal, Chalk, Lampblack, Coal, Anthracite, Graphite?

4. How many are there in an ice-hockey team?

5. What well-known man is associated with a cherry-tree?

6. Is there such a thing as a completely white horse?

7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Fluvial, Follicle, Foozle, Forceps, Funicular, Fricasee?

8. In what country would you expect to find Djupivogur?

9. What is the weight of Big Ben?

10. On which side of the cow does the milkmaid sit—left or right?

11. Who went to Gloucester in a shower of rain?

12. Name three wild flowers whose names begin with B.

Answers to Quiz in No. 339

1. Antelope?

2. (a) Somerset Maugham, (b) Edgar Wallace.

3. Harebell is blue; others are yellow.

4. Seven.

5. 24,901 miles.

6. (a) Fencing, (b) Falconry.

7. Calumet, Canaille.

8. Charles II.

9. Auburn.

10. 1,600 miles.

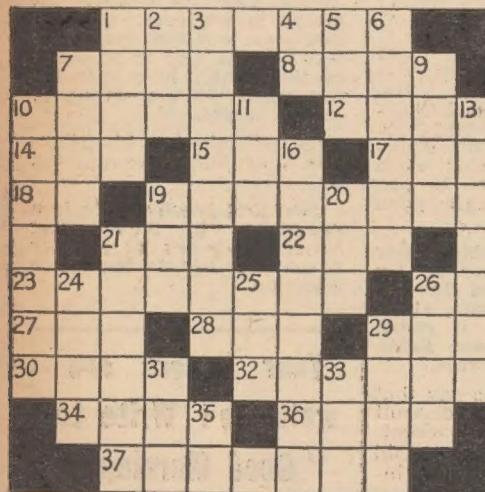
11. Lucy Lockett; Kitty Fisher.

USELESS EUSTACE



"When the wife's away I can't find a darned thing!"

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- Poor players.
- Knob.
- Dandies.
- Handsome.
- Notch.
- Skill.
- Course circuit.
- Shrub.
- Scholar.
- People.
- Inexperienced.
- Zero.
- Wealth.
- Personal pronoun.
- Silence.
- Speck.
- Seed-vessel.
- Border.
- Obligations.
- Thin stratum.
- Route.
- Golf clubs.

DIANA BEAMS
R WITHERS M
APACE LITHE
FORK FACIAL
TIDEWAY RUT
N LIMEST
ETC DEDUCED
VERGED TRUE
ORION FLORA
K BREVIER L
EASED GREET

CLUES DOWN.

1. Source. 2. Tot. 3. Roared. 4. Supposing. 5. Weight. 6. Coiled curve. 7. Girl's name. 9. Short tail. 10. Yellow pigment. 11. Bark. 13. Rings. 16. Hole. 19. Comrade. 20. Rest. 21. Rough. 24. Stuffs. 25. Incline. 26. Coloured. 29. Prejudice. 31. Corn spike. 33. Hill-top. 35. Note of scale.

Dragoons in action

AS the fair Rosa, with foreboding doubt, had foretold, so it happened. Whilst John De Witte was climbing the narrow winding stairs which led to the prison of his brother Cornelius, the burghers did their best to have the troop of Tilly, which was in their way, removed.

Seeing this disposition, King Mob, who fully appreciated the laudable intentions of his own beloved militia, shouted most lustily:

"Hurrah for the burghers!"

As to Count Tilly, who was as prudent as he was firm, he began to parley with the burghers, under the protection of the cocked pistols of his dragoons, explaining to the valiant townsmen that his order from the States commanded him to guard the prison and its approaches with three companies.

"Wherefore such an order? Why guard the prison?" cried the Orangists.

"Stop," replied the Count; "there you at once ask me more than I can tell you. I was told, 'Guard the prison,' and I guard it. You, gentlemen, who are almost military men yourselves, you are aware that an order must never be gainsayed."

"But this order has been given to you that the traitors may be enabled to leave the town."

"Very possibly, as the traitors are condemned to exile," replied Tilly.

"But who has given this order?"

"The States, by George!"

"The States are traitors."

"I don't know anything about that!"

"And you are a traitor yourself!"

"I?"

"Yes, you."

"Well, as to that, let us understand each other, gentlemen. Whom should I betray? The States? Why, I cannot betray them whilst being in their pay, I faithfully obey their orders."

As the Count was so indisputably in the right that it was impossible to argue against him, the mob answered only by redoubled clamour and horrible threats, to which the Count opposed the most perfect urbanity.

"Gentlemen," he said, "uncock your muskets; one of them might go off by accident, and if the shot chanced to wound one of my men, we should knock over a couple of hundred of yours, for which we should, indeed, be very sorry, but you even more so; especially as such a thing is neither contemplated by you, nor by myself."

"If you did that," cried the burghers, "we should have a pop at you, too."

"Of course you would, but suppose you killed every man-Jack of us, those whom we should have killed would not, for all that, be less dead."

"Then leave the place to us,

and you will perform the part of a good citizen."

"First of all," said the Count, "I am not a citizen, but an officer, which is a very different thing; and, secondly, I am not a Hollander, but a Frenchman, which is more different still. I have to do with no one but the States, by whom I am paid; let me see an order from them to leave the place to you, and I shall only be too glad to wheel off in an instant, as I am confoundedly bored here."

"Yes, yes," cried a hundred voices, the din of which was immediately swelled by five hundred others; "let us march to the Town Hall; let us go and see the deputies! Come along! come along!"

"That's it," Tilly muttered between his teeth, as he saw the most violent among the crowd turning away; "go and ask for a meanness at the Town Hall, and you will see whether they will grant it; go, my fine fellows, go!"

The worthy officer relied on the honour of the magistrates, who, on their side, relied on his honour as a soldier.

"I say, Captain!" the first lieutenant whispered into the ear of the Count, "I hope the deputies will give these madmen a flat refusal; but, after all, it would do no harm if they would send us some reinforcement."

In the meantime, John De Witte, whom we left climbing the stairs after his conversation with the jailor Gryphus and his daughter Rosa, had reached the door of the cell, where, on a mattress, his brother Cornelius was resting, after having undergone the preparatory degrees of torture. The sentence of banishment having been pronounced, there was no occasion for inflicting the torture extraordinary.

Cornelius was stretched on his couch with broken wrists and crushed fingers. He had not confessed a crime of which he was not guilty; and now, after three days of agony, he once more breathed freely, on being informed that the judges, from whom he had expected death, were only condemning him to exile.

Endowed with an iron frame and a stout heart, how would he have disappointed his enemies, if they could only have seen in the dark cell of the Buitenhof his pale face lit up by the smile of the martyr, who forgets the dross of this earth after having obtained a glimpse of the bright glory of heaven.

The Warden, indeed, had already recovered his full strength, much more owing to the force of his own strong will than to actual aid; and he was calculating how long the formalities of the law would still detain him in prison.

This was just at the very moment when the mingled shouts of the burgher-guard and of the mob were raging against the two brothers, and threatening Captain Tilly, who served as a rampart to them. This noise, which roared outside the walls of the prison, as the surf dashing against the rocks, now reached the ears of the prisoner.

rises from the half-extinguished embers.

He also thought of his brother, and whilst the latter was thus vividly present to his mind the door opened and John entered, hurrying to the bedside of the prisoner, who stretched out his broken limbs and his hands, tied up in bandages, towards that glorious brother, whom he now exceeded, not in services rendered to the country, but in the hatred which the Dutch bore him.

John tenderly kissed his brother on the forehead, and put his sore hands gently back on the mattress.

"Cornelius, my poor brother,

THE BLACK TULIP

By Alexandre Dumas Part 4

"You will not have to walk far, as I have my coach near the pond, behind Tilly's dragoons."

"Tilly's dragoons! What are they near the pond for?"

"Well," said the Grand Pensionary, with a melancholy smile which was habitual to him, "the gentlemen at the Town Hall expect that the people of the Hague would like to see you depart, and there is some apprehension of a tumult."

"Of a tumult?" replied Cornelius, fixing his eyes on his perplexed brother, "a tumult?"

"Yes, Cornelius."

"Oh, that's what I heard just now," said the prisoner, as if speaking to himself. Then, turning to his brother, he continued:

"Are there many persons down before the prison?"

"Yes, my brother, there are."

"But then, to come here to me—"

"Well?"

"How is it that they have allowed you to pass?"

"You know well that we are not very popular, Cornelius," said the Grand Pensionary, with gloomy bitterness. "I have made my way through all sorts of by-streets and alleys."

"You hid yourself, John?"

(To be continued)

With Our Roving Cameraman



AN OLD SPANISH CUSTOM.

In certain parts of Spain the young peasant, when he wants to learn the national dances, first rigs himself out in his best togs, with plenty of decorative effect, then he calls on his girl, and she gets dressed in her best; and then they walk down the village street to where the dance is on. And that's about the only lesson the young Spaniard needs in life. He knows all the others by instinct. So there they are, just as they were in Old Castile.

But, threatening as it sounded, Cornelius appeared not to deem it worth his while to inquire after its cause; nor did he get up to look out of the narrow grated window, which gave access to the light and to the noise of the world without.

He was so absorbed in his never-ceasing pain that it had almost become a habit with him. He felt with such delight the bonds, which connected his immortal being with his perishable frame, gradually loosening, that it seemed to him as if his spirit, freed from the trammels of the body, were hovering above it, like the expiring flame which

you are suffering great pain, are you not?"

"I am suffering no longer, since I see you, my brother."

"Oh, my poor, dear Cornelius, I feel most wretched to see you in such a state."

"And, indeed, I have thought more of you than of myself; and whilst they were torturing me, I never thought of uttering a complaint, except once, to say 'Poor brother!' But, now that you are here, let us forget all. You are coming to take me away, are you not?"

"I am."

"I am quite healed; help me to get up, and you shall see how well I can walk."

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 287

1. PURchaseR.

2. Too many cooks spoil the broth.

3. BOIL, coil, coin, corn, core, coke, cake, BAKE, bare, barn, born, boon, coon, cool, tool, toil, BOIL.

4. On-I-on.



BEELZEBUB JONES



C. 108.

BELINDA



C. 108.

POPEYE



C. 108.

RUGGLES



C. 108.

GARTH



C. 108.

JUST JAKE



C. 108.

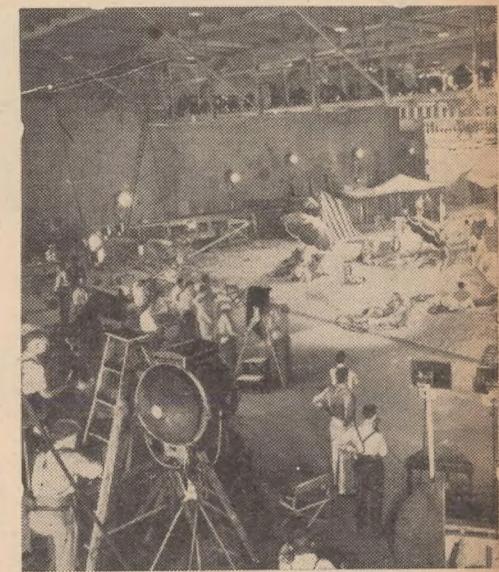
He's Prop Finder No. 1

By Dick Gordon

MR. WILLIAM KIERNAN, of Hollywood, sometimes has to furnish an entire Georgian mansion in a single afternoon. Kiernan is set decorator for Columbia Studios, and if it isn't a mansion someone's asking of him, it may be an old English pub, or a Czechoslovakian potato cellar, or a Monte Carlo terrace, or maybe a San Francisco wharf. In ordinary times the job is comparatively simple. All you need is a running knowledge of what any kind of place in the world should look like, from floor to ceiling, and if it has a ceiling.

Mr. Kiernan doesn't look like anybody's idea of an interior decorator, which in these days is a help. Built big and wearing a touch of Irish rebellion under his suave tailoring, he is adept not only at such delicate detail as choosing the exactly-right article, but in coercing a tough truck driver into delivering it immediately.

The Georgian mansion, as whipped up by him in one half-day, entailed a selection of some 2,000 articles, including table silver and chinaware. The set was needed for the latest Rosalind Russell-Brian Aherne comedy, filmed under the title of "What a Woman," and



represents the Washington, D.C., home of Rosalind Russell's father. It is to be supposed that first Kiernan had to make himself feel like a Senator, then set out to find furnishings a Senator might want in his home.

A set decorator has one advantage over an amateur home-furnisher. He works from a blue-print of each room, showing wall elevations, floor space, door and window measurements. He never—like many an ordinary citizen—finds the piece of furniture or drapery he wants, and then has someone else walk off with it while he is back measuring the room to see if it will fit or not.

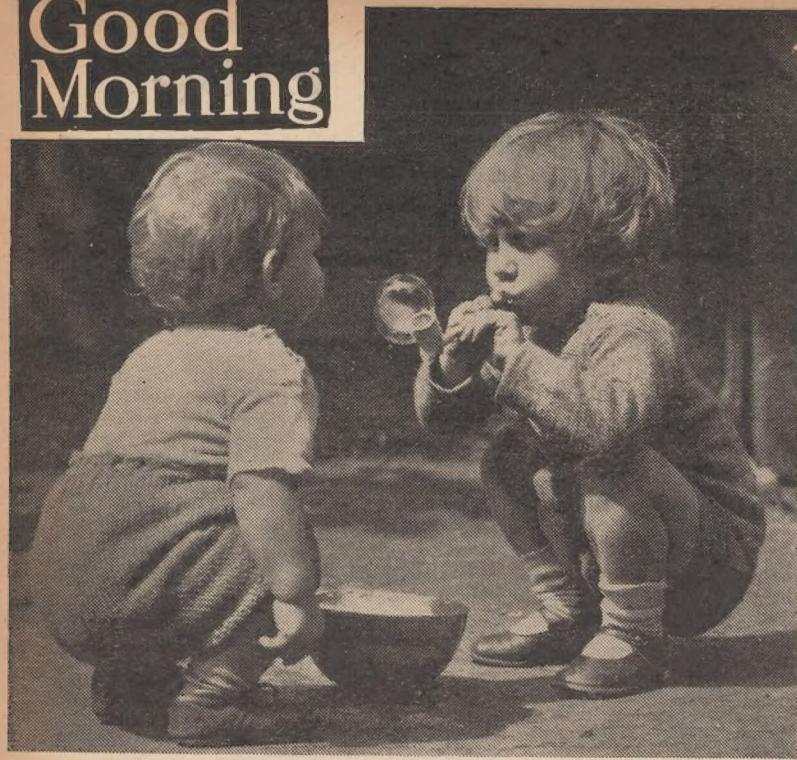
Before embarking on a shopping tour he has visualised what he will want and drawn each object in its place on the blue-print. The pieces selected for the Russell-Aherne comedy set are all of them indicative of a rich and rare good taste in antiques. In the reception hall, under a gracefully curving staircase, stands a grandfather clock that is some 200 years old. It was made in England, and, standing ten feet high, is undoubtedly the largest grandfather clock in captivity. It is valued at £1,000, and was rented from a Hollywood jeweller for the picture.

In the living-room there is a concert grand piano, made in 1855, which once graced a Civil War general's home. Originally rented by an antique dealer to various studios (you saw it in "Jezebel," "Gone With The Wind," and other pictures), it has been bought by Mr. Kiernan for Columbia. With it, he uses a slender-legged piano bench covered with a valuable Aubusson pad. A Sheraton break-front bookcase is also some 200 years old, and the glass in its doors is hand-made to prove its genuine antiquity. A mahogany sideboard in the dining-room is 100 years old, imported from England, and an odd-looking coffee table originally came from

From the tiny to the colossal, it is all in the week's work for Kiernan. The most difficult set he ever furnished was a battlefield in the middle of the California desert for the Bogart picture, "Sahara." For an area of five miles square he had to collect ten truck-loads of new and wrecked military equipment.

And how is his own home furnished? "Oh—just with stuff," he will tell you. "When I get through chintzing-up a boudoir at the studio I want to relax. If my home ever gets a competent decorating job, someone else is going to have to do it!"

Good Morning



"C'mon, hurry up, do! It's my turn to blow now!" "Sh! Don't talk! This is going to be a beauty!"

Twentieth-Century Star,
Ann Rutherford does a
little relaxing.



★
This England
The Great Roman Bath, at Bath, of course



"Smile? It's enough to make a cat laugh!"



Cor luv a duck! Can't you let a fellow sleep!

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"You can bet I wouldn't!"

